

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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EPICRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Love, I implore thee, lull this passion for Heliodora,
This most restless desire—dreading my guardian muse;
Lo, I swear by thy merciless bow, which ne'er for another
Bent—by thy swift-wing'd darts, ever directed at me,
Should'st thou slay me, behind me I'll leave this speaking inscription :
" Stranger, here you behold one of the murders of Love." J. O.

ALBONI.

(From a Correspondent.)

Strasbourg, Jan. 14.

BEING for a few days in this old city, I was nothing less than enchanted to read in the *café* an announcement of a concert by Alboni. I arrived on the 2nd instant, had concluded the affair which brought me here by the evening of the 4th, and intended to start for Paris the next morning. But the spell of Alboni's name was too attractive. Deferring my departure for a day, I was enabled to hear the concert. How well I was repaid for my pains I need not tell you.

The concert was given in the theatre, which was filled to the roof. Alboni, who was accompanied on a sorry pianoforte, was in fine voice, and looked younger and more handsome than ever. She sang a cavatina of De Beriot (composed for Malibran), "Una voce" from the *Barbiere*, the "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia*, and the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola*. I never in my life heard more perfect singing, and for one who, like myself, so seldom has the opportunity of listening to the great Italian artists, I can assure you it was a treat for the loss of which nothing could have compensated.

The last and only time I had heard Alboni before was at her first concert in Paris, given at the *Academie Royale de Musique*, in 1847, before the Revolution had transformed it into the *Theatre de la Nation*, as the wizard changes the Prince into Harlequin. Wonderful as I thought her then (you recollect the enthusiasm she created) I was still more delighted on this occasion. Her voice seems even more beautiful, and has, I think, acquired additional power. No bird, not even the thrush, much less the melancholy nightingale—could have warbled more divinely, with a fuller gush of melody, than Alboni at Strasbourg. She was received with acclamations by the public, who were never tired of applauding her, selfishly forcing her to repeat the "Brindisi," with that most wonderful of trills, during which every breath was suspended, lest any of its tiny notes, which came upon the ear like a soft shower of silver dust, should be lost.

At the conclusion of the concert the fair Marietta, with her comely form, and her smile that plays upon your eyes like sunshine and penetrates right through the windows of your heart, was unanimously recalled, showers of bouquets, less blooming and fragrant than herself, falling at her feet. Alboni took up the bouquets, with a saucy look and a winning laugh for each, which I doubt not sent the throwers home "a-dreaming."

The rest of the concert was supplied by the band, and certain artists of the theatre. The band (your Antwerp correspondent will bear me out) is much better, although Strasbourg is a city of no musical importance, than those at the London national operas, which was amply proved by the spirited execution of Auber's overture to *Masaniello* and Weber's to *Freischütz*. The artists of the theatre (if they were the best) were mediocre enough, nor did I find much to admire in the violoncello piece of M. Boehm, which was nevertheless highly praised. But you know I am not a musician and have little taste for those long rambling solos, which I am always inclined to interrogate as Charles Lamb did the concerto: "What dost signify, thou interminable strain, ever moving onwards, never coming to an end?"—or something of the sort. I have lost my *Elia*, and have not seen a copy for twenty years; but I recollect the famous "chapter upon ears."

I had no time to write before I started for Paris; but on my return, finding no one else had sent you a notice of Alboni's concert, I said "better late than never," and drew out this scrawl immediately. I hope you can read it, and wo'n't be angry at my *laical* manner of expressing myself.

L. O. U.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE age in which Beethoven flourished was also that in which what may be called a new school of pianoforte-writing was originated. It was even more remarkable for the many eminent composers to whom it gave birth than that of Dussek. But Beethoven shone apart from his contemporaries, like the North Star in the heavenly galaxy. He neither influenced nor was influenced by any of them.

Before attempting the very brief analysis of the claims of these writers which it is in the scope of our essay to afford, let us, as far as memory will serve, enumerate the names of the most remarkable. We shall place them (to the very best of our ability) in the order they must respectively occupy according to the influence their works have exercised on the art which they followed and adorned. Moscheles—Hummel—John Field—Cipriani Potter—Kalkbrenner—Henri Herz—Czerny—Charles Mayer—Pixis—&c., &c. Here is already a sufficiently long list; the &c., &c., must stand for many well-known names, which, but for those we have specially signalised, would perhaps have never been heard of.

Ignace Moscheles was unquestionably the originator of the brilliant school of writing which has produced such striking modifications of the style and taste of the last thirty years. Moscheles, indeed, may be denominated the real *inventor* to whom the pianoforte is indebted for certain new effects, to which could Mozart or Dussek now listen, they would surely fail to recognise as legitimately belonging to the instrument. A pianist of extraordinary capabilities in early youth, Moscheles,

already acquainted with the compositions of every contemporary and predecessor, was gifted enough to imagine and bold enough to realise something altogether different from all that he knew. The well-known piece, called *The Fall of Paris*, may be "symbolised" as the acorn which afterwards expanded into the wide spreading oak of modern *fantasia*. Its appearance was hailed with much the same astonishment that Clementi's celebrated *Octave-Sonata* had created, so many years before, on a very different and a much more serious race of men. Moscheles developed the school thus, no doubt, unwittingly originated; but his taste having a higher tendency, he did not, like others, wholly abandon himself to its fascination. His studies, concertos, and many works of minor importance, conceived in a spirit almost precisely opposite to that which had actuated him in the composition of *The Fall of Paris*, are among the glories of the instrument, and have materially assisted those of Beethoven and his great predecessors in preserving a taste that has resisted all the charms of that "romantic" and inferior school which has so widely obtained since, and to which nine out of ten pianists of the present day are uncompromising adherents. It is the more to the honour of Moscheles that this school, though his own creation, the accidental birth of a leisure hour, the *bagatelle* of a moment's wantonness, has never so wholly influenced him as to make him overlook the fact, that the art of which he is one of the most brilliant ornaments was destined for a nobler end than that of mere amusement—was capable of loftier appeals than those exclusively addressed to common and vulgar understandings. Moscheles influenced his contemporaries by the novelty of his invention, it is true; but what injury he may have inflicted (if injury he has inflicted) was far more than counterbalanced by those graver studies to which we owe his most beautiful and thoughtful works. These cannot be overrated, and will live for ever, while the others even now have not been surpassed for brilliancy of effect and for that peculiar kind of display which demands at the utmost a combination of manual dexterity with a graceful variety of style. Though all his best works show how thoroughly well Moscheles had mastered the sonata form he has produced but few specimens of the *sonata for piano solus*, having been doubtless as much influenced by the singular fertility of Dussek as his young friend and almost pupil, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was later influenced by the universal genius of Beethoven. As familiar as we are with most of the works of Moscheles we only know two sonatas for the pianoforte alone which have proceeded from his pen—that in E major, dedicated to his friend and master, Beethoven, and that in F sharp minor, called the *Sonate Melancolique*. Both of these are thoroughly classical works, and though the former (an early effort) exhibits a redundancy proceeding from a flow of ideas which mature experience had not yet taught to check (how difficult is it for a young writer to know what to retain and what to reject!), there is so strong a feeling for regularity of form—one of the principal charms of Haydn's glorious invention—that little doubt is left, after its perusal, of the purely classical taste of its author. We have been more diffuse than we intended in speaking of Moscheles, but those who know him well enough to estimate his real value, will pardon and sympathise with the attraction that has engendered our prolixity.

Next to Moscheles (by many placed before him—we cannot but think unreasonably,) comes Jean Nepomek Hummel, one of the most talented, classical, and voluminous of all the pianoforte composers. Hummel—be not startled, reader—was not an original geniis, although a long habit of composing

endowed him with an unmistakeable peculiarity of manner. But Hummel was a musician, heart and soul—one of the right sort, unbending, contemplative, and enthusiastic. Educated under excellent masters, he soon acquired the art of writing with ease, while the strict school in which he had been nourished regulated his taste in the true direction. Hummel was a more learned musician than Moscheles, although he did not possess Moscheles' originality. His contributions to the art were not less numerous and valuable. Both have been of inestimable worth in directing the studies of pianists, and both were endowed with a facility which promptly seconded their intentions. Hummel's concertos owe much more than is generally admitted to those of Mozart, Dussek, and Steibelt; but they abound in a variety of graceful passages that exclusively belong to their author. It should be noted here that Mozart anticipated Beethoven, and that Beethoven did not surpass Mozart, in the symmetrical form which, although Haydn had imparted to the symphony, was, before Mozart's time, wholly strange to the concerto. Mozart, therefore, did as much for the concerto as Haydn had done for the symphony and sonata—for, be it remarked, while in the lucid arrangement of ideas which appear and return in reasonable and proper places, the consistent balance of relative keys being duly preserved, the concerto is but a branch of the parent SONATA,* yet it still presents, even in the examples left us by Mozart and Beethoven, a marked difference of plan.† But of this we shall have to treat hereafter. While in the *tutti*, or orchestral preludes, Hummel (like Moscheles), followed Mozart's symmetrical arrangement, he also (like Moscheles) overlooked that peculiarity which endows Mozart's concertos with such unity and completeness. Let us explain. In Mozart's concertos the three solos, of which, like the majority of concertos, they are composed, are continually accompanied in the orchestra by one or both the principal themes, separate or in conjunction, elaborated and worked out to the end. We find little of this in Hummel, although occasional glimpses are not wanting; but a complete development of the themes is never attempted except in his *tutti*. For this reason, without alluding to his higher genius, Mozart not only wrote his concertos as though he had improved upon the models of Hummel, who lived after him (instead of, as the fact was, Hummel half rising to the models left by Mozart), but wrote them, as it were, side by side with Beethoven, the great developer himself—he who even gave Mendelssohn the first hint || of dispensing altogether with the *tutti*, an evident superfluity.§ Nevertheless, devoid of pure invention as was Hummel, his concertos are fine productions, indispensable to the completion of a musical education, beautiful and interesting as music, independent of their influence, and of all abstract considerations. No pianoforte writer ever produced a greater variety of new and elegant passages than Hummel, who, we need hardly remind our readers, was one of the greatest pianists of his day; and as an impromptu player, or improvisator, had few equals and fewer superiors. (This re-

* We cannot too frequently insist that the sonata is the model for the symphony, quartet, and all the larger forms of instrumental music.

† The three specimens of the concerto left us by Mendelssohn, in which the sonata form is perfectly developed, will be spoken of in their proper place.

‡ The *tutti*, according to Mozart, is a kind of synopsis of the whole first movement, laid out like the first movement of a sonata.

§ Beethoven, in the G concerto, begins at once with the pianoforte (like Mendelssohn in all his concertos), but after a few arpeggios, he introduces a long *tutti*. This leads to the conviction that the idea of abandoning the *tutti* had entered into the ever inventing brain of the composer, but that he almost immediately gave it up as untenable.

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minds us that we have neglected to speak of the wonderful powers of improvisation possessed by Moscheles.) The miscellaneous works of Hummel—studies, fantasias, &c.,—would of themselves form an interesting library. But to come to an end with him, his sonatas for pianoforte solus are almost as rare (master as he needs must have been of the sonata-form) as those of Moscheles. We have never seen more than five:—that in F minor (the best—a *chef d'œuvre*) ; that in D, which, containing a *scherzo* and *trio*, assumes the distinction of the *real grand sonata* ; that in E flat, dedicated to Haydn ; that in C ; and that in F sharp minor, which, though styled a sonata, is, more strictly speaking, a *fantasia*. But these alone are enough to immortalise Hummel, had he not produced so many and such variety of works in another form as to place him among the most fecund and admirable of musicians.

John Field, who resided for many years at St. Petersburg, as idle as Dussek and as eccentric as Steibelt or Woelfl,* wrote some concertos, a few sonatas, and a vast number of less important works. These, though distinguished by smoothness of character and a graceful peculiarity of *trait*, or passage, admirably suited to the finished manner of playing which distinguished their author (a disciple—we cannot think otherwise, although Field, being an Englishman,† we should rejoice to proclaim him original—of John Cramer) are not remarkable either for depth or variety of invention. Field deserves mention, nevertheless, if only for the extensive influence produced both by his playing (his many accomplished pupils—among whom, like Dussek, he boasted his Prince Ferdinands—to wit) and his music, sufficiently meritorious in its way, on a vast number of contemporaries.

Cipriani Potter,‡ another Englishman, and one far more illustrious than Field, has distinguished himself in every branch of composition, and to his influence as a master must be chiefly, if not wholly, attributed the remarkable progress which this country has recently made in musical intelligence. But though Mr. Potter has left nothing untouched, and nothing, we may surely say, *unadorned*, especially in the department of instrumental music, it is of his pianoforte music only that we have at present to speak. Mr. Potter is as thorough a master of the sonata form as Mozart himself, with a power of development no doubt derived from the great Beethoven, who, struck with his quickness and feeling, did not disdain to afford him his invaluable counsels. The specimens Mr. Potter has given us of the sonata for pianoforte solus (at least the printed ones) are not numerous, and are only published in Germany. Yet they are of such a solid kind, that although sometimes wanting in fancy, they may be safely consulted as models. His studies (two books) are justly esteemed among the very best of elementary works. Of his concertos, although, we believe, he has composed many, not being printed, we are unable to speak advisedly; but some rare occasions of hearing them performed by the composer have unfolded their merits so plainly as to make us the more regret the impossibility of possessing them.

From men so gifted and so thoughtful we must take a great leap to descend upon such a level flat of commonplace as that occupied by Frederic Kalkbrenner, whom we notice simply because, as a pianist and a professor of the pianoforte, he has exercised considerable influence. His studies, possessing little musical merit, are decidedly useful, besides which they faci-

litate certain mechanical peculiarities that, in the present age of executive wonders, are almost indispensable. As a composer Kalkbrenner had neither originality nor learning. His style, if style it may be termed, was a *melée* of the exuberances of Dussek and his contemporaries, the unmeaning extravagance of some of the modern fantasias, and the brilliant scale passages of Henri Herz. We can find no vestige, in the entire catalogue of Kalkbrenner's works, either of individual thought or musical ingenuity. True, some of his pieces attained an ephemeral popularity; but of these, the variations on "Rule Britannia," which are not so ingenious and scarcely more brilliant than those of Dussek,* constitute a prominent example. We need hardly say that such compositions as these cannot possibly have any influence on the progress of the art. Kalkbrenner essayed his talents in concertos and sonatas. Of the former we need not speak (they are not worth the pains); of the latter we have a better opinion. We are acquainted with three of them:—that in A flat (generally known as the "Left-handed Sonata"); that in A minor, dedicated to Cherubini (!); and that in F minor. The first and second are the best by many degrees, and have some really beautiful passages, besides being, for Kalkbrenner, wonderfully symmetrical. The last, except a slow movement in C major, fantastically styled *The Song of the Quail*, contains nothing above mediocrity. Yet, as Kalkbrenner is unanimously admitted among the most notable persons who have of recent years devoted themselves to the progress of the pianoforte, we have necessarily included him in our *catalogue raisonné*.

Of Henri Herz, who still lives and belongs to our own times, we need say little. Singular as it may appear, he adopted the *Fall of Paris* of Moscheles, not only as a model for a single piece but as the foundation of a new school, which he developed as far as it could go. But Herz brought with him a lively fancy, an inexhaustible facility in the invention of graceful natural and elegant passages, and a knowledge of music by no means contemptible. How popular this writer has been (and is)—what a fortune he has proved to the music publishers—what a boon to young ladies in the drawing-room (and what a torture to their visitors)—what an invaluable stock of display for pianoforte teachers incapable of executing better music—and what a universal favourite with all, musicians as well as amateurs—everybody knows. To say more of Herz would be superfluous; to say less would have been unjust. Nor should we quit him so soon, but that, as far as our knowledge goes, he has not written one sonata for piano *solus*, nor do his concertos evidence any extensive acquaintance with or profound attachment to the sonata form—the principal object of our present digression. Before leaving him, however, we must say one thing in favour of Henri Herz, which is wholly apart from the influence, good or bad, his music has exercised or continues to exercise on pianists and composers for the piano. Out of the large number of works he has written, we do not remember a single instance of *ennui* produced by the execution of one of them, large or small. As much cannot be said of many composers. However, compelled to deny him a place among the really great men who have benefited and advanced the art, we cannot, with any show of justice, number Herz among those whose ignorance renders them pitiable while their assumption makes them intolerable.

* Not Woelfl, as we were made to write in our second notice.

† John Field—"Russian Field"—as he was nick-named—was, we believe, an Irishman.

‡ The present chief of the Royal Academy of Music—master of Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, and other eminent musicians.

* It may be noted here that Kalkbrenner in his *Pianoforte Tutor*, while attempting to undervalue, betrays the most extraordinary ignorance of the works of this great composer—speaking of his "Consolation" (a short theme with variations, in B flat) as his most remarkable work?

Czerny, the most voluminous writer for the pianoforte of whom the whole history of the art makes record,* must be content with this distinction as the only one that has induced us to introduce his name here. He is a musician of some acquirement and a professor of acknowledged merit. He lived (and lives) a contemporary of Henri Herz, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which might by some be accepted without difficulty as the compositions of Herz himself. He was a resident at Vienna while Beethoven flourished, with whom he was on terms of acquaintance, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which nobody would, under the most difficult circumstances, accept as the compositions of Beethoven himself. He has imitated almost every contemporary, almost every predecessor, and had he the gift of foresight he would in all probability imitate some composer as yet unborn; luckily for posterity he has not that gift. The sonatas of Czerny—which are frequently wound up with interminable fugues, based on interminable chromatic themes—are *not* sonatas, and but for the title-page no one would suspect the classical intentions of the composer. We are pleased to be able to say that we neither know nor care whether Czerny has written any concertos, but we have heard more than three hundred of his miscellaneous pieces and have no design at present of seeking to hear any more.

Charles Mayer and Pixis may be classed together, the first as a very good, the last as a very bad composer of pianoforte music. Mayer, we believe, lives in Russia; Pixis is deceased. The influence of Mayer, who cannot boast of as much originality as of musical knowledge, has been to improve the taste of his hearers and the music of his contemporaries; that of Pixis, who can boast of quite as little originality as of musical knowledge, has been to spoil one and the other. We know of no sonatas by either; but we know of some very excellent studies (good music to boot) by the first, and we know of some exceedingly poor fantasias (bad music to boot) by the latter. Both are cited by competent authorities as men of note in what chiefly regards the art of composing and playing on the pianoforte. The former we accept without hesitation; the latter we have named only to question his right to the distinction.

As many of our readers may begin to doubt whether we ever intend to arrive at the avowed subject of this essay, we may at once say, that without further preliminary, we shall approach the pianoforte composers of the present day, among whom Stephen Heller holds an eminent rank. If, in the course of our rapid and cursory view of those who have preceded him, we have omitted any name of merited distinction, we shall, in recognising the oversight, take an early opportunity of rectifying it.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE great event of the week has been the revival of Mendelssohn's first oratorio, *St. Paul*, by the members of the above society. This interesting event occurred on Friday, the 11th instant, too late for an account to appear in our last impression. The hall was quite full, and among the audience were observed not a few eminent professors and amateurs of music, whom the attraction of Mendelssohn's name had brought together.

As on more than one occasion a very lengthened analysis of *St. Paul* has appeared in these pages, it is quite unnecessary

* We believe (thank Heavens! we have no practical experience of it) that the works of Czerny have passed Op. 1100!!

for us to do more than reiterate our opinion, that it is one of Mendelssohn's undoubted *chef-d'œuvres*, and one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of music. Our business is to speak of the performance, which, notwithstanding some drawbacks, was the most satisfactory, on the whole, that we have heard in this country.

The list of vocalists was very strong, including Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. A. Novello, Mr. Smythson, and Herr Formes. What accomplished and admirable interpreters of Mendelssohn's sacred music (and indeed we may say of his and all other classical compositions) are Miss Dolby, with her glowing and lovely *contralto*, and Mr. Lockey, with his fine-toned and even tenor, needs not be recounted here. Suffice it, they were both in excellent voice, and sang all the music that belongs to their very important parts with irreproachable taste and artistic finish. Miss Dolby's "The Lord is mindful" was the very perfection of purity, and Mr. Lockey's final air, "Be thou faithful," with the admirable *MR. C. DOLBY* *Violoncello obligato* of Lindley, everything that could be desired.

Miss Catherine Hayes, less experienced in this particular school, made, nevertheless, a highly favourable impression. The recitatives allotted to the first *soprano* are numerous and difficult. Good declamation, no less than good singing, are imperatively necessary. Both were supplied by our esteemed *prima donna*, who acquitted herself with the nicest judgment, and an evident appreciation of the music. Miss Hayes, like all vocalists of the present day—Italian, German, French and English—has the mania of singing the recitatives too slow, which needlessly protracts the length of the oratorio; but for this apparently deep-rooted habit of modern vocalists she was unexceptionable. In giving a new reading to the beautiful air, "Jerusalem," which a contemporary has rightly designated as one of "admonition rather than complaint," she was in some degree justified by the effect produced. The air is of such angelic tenderness that we can scarcely feel it as a rebuke to the infidel Jews. Miss Hayes seemed to entertain this opinion, if we may argue from the manner in which she interpreted it.

Herr Formes made a decided hit—not the first he has made in this country, although, perhaps, one of the most endurable and important. In the air in B minor, "Consume them"—a furious denunciation—the power of his voice and its magnificent quality told with immense effect. In the second, in the same key, "O God of mercy," one of a plaintive and imploring character, Herr Formes exhibited the utmost expression, wanting nothing except variety of tone to make his performance irreproachable. In the recitatives, especially the concluding one, the emphasis and force of the German *basso* were in fine keeping with the solemnity of the text he had to deliver.

Mr. A. Novello and Mr. Smythson were careful and efficient in the parts allotted to them.

In the choruses there was only one prominent defect—nearly all of them were taken too slow, by which the oratorio was prolonged half an hour beyond its usual duration. As far as accuracy went we had only to complain of the chorus in E minor, "This is Jehovah's temple (an *allegro vivace* in quavers), in which the choristers, mistaking the conductor's beat, began the first two bars—in obedience to an old tradition—twice as fast as the time indicated by the *baton*. Few conductors could have rectified this with the coolness and presence of mind of Mr. Costa, who, by a sudden stroke of generalship, brought his whole army into order with masterly precision. In respect of effect it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Costa, who had carefully studied the score, did not

overlook a single point of importance suggested by the composer. - As an instance of what effect may be obtained by a double *piano* gradually increasing to a *fortissimo*, the dramatic chorus in D minor, "Is this he?" may be cited. It would be impossible for a great mass to be more cleverly held in abeyance, under stricter command, than in this exciting and effective *morceau*. In the charming barcarole in G, "How lovely are the messengers!", the organ pedal was somewhat too overpowering; but this was the fault of the organ, not of the organist, who played his part, if we be not in error, exactly as Mendelssohn wrote it.

The band executed the overture very finely, although the fugue was taken too slow—more like an *andante* than a *moderato*. Among the *obligati* we must again specialise Mr. Lindley's violoncello, in the devotional air for the tenor, in C major, "Be thou faithful unto death," which Mr. Lockey sang so well. Nor must we forget Barret's oboe and Lazarus's clarinet in the air, "O God, have mercy," both of which were irreproachable.

The oratorio created the most profound interest among the audience, who were too seriously occupied to interrupt the performance with boisterous manifestations. There were no encores, and there was very little applause. So much the better. The audiences of Exeter Hall are beginning to look upon these things in a proper light. It was only just to applaud Mr. Costa, in anticipation of the treat to come, as he entered the orchestra—and again, as a token of satisfaction at the fulfilment of anticipation, when he quitted it. To this we had no objection. It is not unworthy of mention that among the audience was the only brother of the great and lamented composer, Herr Joseph Mendelssohn, who is in England on a short visit.

On Friday evening next, *St. Paul* will be repeated, with the same vocalists.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 803.)

CXVIII. WHEN I asked the priests whether the account which the Greeks give about the affairs of Ilium were true or not, they made the following statement, saying that they had learned it from Menelaus himself:—After the abduction of Helen, a large army of Greeks went into the Trojan country, assisting Menelaus. This army having entered the country and pitched its camp, sent messengers to Ilium, with whom Menelaus went himself. When these came to the wall, they demanded Helen, and the treasure, which Alexander (Paris) had taken away, as well as satisfaction for the wrong committed. The Trojans then and afterwards assured them, both with and without oath, that they had not Helen nor the treasure that was claimed, but that these were in Egypt. They added that it would be unjust for them to suffer for that which was held by Proteus, the Egyptian king. The Greeks, thinking they were mocked, besieged the city. When, on their taking the walls, Helen did not appear, but they heard the same story as before, they sent Menelaus himself to Proteus.

CXIX. When Menelaus went to Egypt, and sailed up to Memphis, he made a true statement of what had happened, and received large presents, as well as Helen totally unharmed, and the whole of his own treasure. Notwithstanding he had received these benefits, Menelaus acted unjustly towards the Egyptians. Being about to set sail, and being detained by unfavourable winds for a long time, he devised an impious expedient. Taking two children belonging to the natives, he

cut them in pieces. Afterwards, when it was generally known that he had done this, being generally hated and pursued, he fled in his ships to Libya. Whether he went from thence, the Egyptians were unable to say. They said that they had learned these things, partly from the narratives of others, partly of themselves, and knew that their account was accurate.

CXX. Thus said the priests of the Egyptians; and I myself agree with this story which is told of Helen, for the following reasons: If Helen had been in Ilium, she would have been given up to the Greeks, whether Alexander (Paris) liked it or not; for Priam, and those who were with him, were not so senseless as to risk their own persons, their children, and the city, merely that Alexander might live with Helen. Even if they had been thus disposed at the beginning of the war, still afterwards, when many of the Trojans had perished on coming into contact with the Greeks, and Priam himself always lost two, three, or more sons, in the event of a conflict (if we may place any confidence in the epic poems), I am of opinion, that if Priam himself had lived with Helen, he would have given her up to the Greeks, to be freed from impending calamities. Alexander was not even heir to the kingdom, so as to have the charge of affairs when Priam was an old man; but Hector, his elder brother, and a better man, was entitled to the kingdom on the death of Priam. Now the latter would scarcely have given way to his brother, when such great evils were on his account be falling both himself privately and all the other Trojans. But, in fact, it was not in their power to restore Helen; nor did the Greeks believe them when they told the truth. In my own opinion, this was by a divine arrangement, that, by utterly destroying Troy, they (*the Greeks*) might show to mankind that great wrongs bring great punishments from the gods. This is the manner, in my opinion, in which these things happened.

SONNET.

NO. CXV.

Thou golden Hope, soar not, I pray, so high,
That I forget this cold and rugged earth,
Lull'd in the realm where Fantasy gives birth
To fair, grand forms, peopling a cloudless sky,—
And ever luring on the raptur'd eye,
So that it peers about, and finds no dearth
Of pleasant aliment, while sounds of mirth
Float, telling of a bliss that ne'er can die.
This placid dream pampers too much the sense;
The heart grows soft, neglecting to prepare,
For that stern moment when it must awake:
Train'd to Hope's fairy land, when pluck'd from thence,
It starts to find the earth again—and there,
Cursed with the truth, confesses it—and breaks.

N. D.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE present series is drawing to a close. The thirteenth concert was given on Wednesday. The chief attraction still centres in Ernst, Thalberg, Sims Reeves, and Formes, who are secured for the remaining two concerts.

In consequence of the general enthusiasm created by the selection from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the Wednesday previous, the director felt it incumbent on him to gratify his audience by repeating it, which he accordingly did, with the exception of the *Notturno*. Mendelssohn's exquisite music created the same *furore* as on the first night. The overture and *scherzo*, both admirably played by the band, were listened to with breathless attention by the vast audience, and received with loud acclamations at the end. The *Wedding March* ob-

tained a persistent and tumultuous encore. As the *Notturno*, without the beautiful tone and finished phrasing of Jarrett on the horn, might have suffered, we could not blame, however much we regretted, its omission.

The operatic selection was from *Don Pasquale*, one of the most sparkling and hearty of the comic works of the modern Italian school. Rossini, the apathetic and indifferent Rossini, may be numbered with the dead, and since the swan of Pesaro has sung his last song, the strains of poor Donizetti are not to be despised. Miss Lucombe sang the scena "E tanto era in quel quando" (This heart was all thine own), and mastered its difficulties in artistic style. Sims Reeves gained and deserved a loud encore in the serenade "Com' è gentil," and was capitally accompanied on the harp by Mr. Trust. Herr Formes, who appears to sing all sorts and styles of music with equal assurance and ease, was most favourably heard in the cavatina "Bella siccome" (Lovely as some bright angel). The quartet "E reinasto?" (Am I sleeping), by Miss Lucombe, Mr. Land, Mr. Smythson, and Herr Formes; and the duet "Tornami a dir" (Tell me once more), by Miss Lucombe and Sims Reeves, call for no particular remarks except that they lose half their effect when separated from the action which invests them with vitality and animation on the stage.

Ernst repeated his new fantasia on Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and the *Carnaval de Venise* (by desire). The first wins upon acquaintance, and is decidedly one of the most effective solos which the great violinist has composed. The last variation, founded upon the Prophet's bacchanalian song, "Beviamo!" is quite original, besides being a wonderful exhibition of double-stopping developed in the arpeggio-form, with the melody going on in the midst of it. Ernst's playing was masterly as usual, and the applause bestowed upon his fantasia confirmed its success. It is superfluous to say anything of the *Carnaval*. In the hands of Ernst it is always new, and produces on every occasion of performance a new enthusiasm. The encore was of the inevitable uproarious character. It may be as well to remind the Wednesdayites that Ernst only plays twice more this season to their mobships.

Thalberg in the *Masaniello* fantasia and the *Tarantella*, played with his accustomed perfection, and met with the accustomed welcome. The great pianist was in admirable finger.

Being much embarrassed for space this week, we must finish by saying that the rest of the miscellaneous vocal pieces were of the usual kind, the great features being "Adelaida," by Mr. Reeves, and "The Wanderer," by Herr Formes—both finely sung and deservedly encored. The demands of the crowd upon the lungs of the singers are, since the return of Mr. Reeves, becoming as strenuous and indiscriminate as ever. The "encores" become a downright nuisance.

STEPHEN HELLER.

[We last week reprinted an article from the *Morning Chronicle*, as an earnest of the importance which music is gradually assuming in the consideration of the great press of this empire. We cannot do better than follow this up by another which has since appeared in the *Sunday Times*, on the subject of Stephen Heller, one of the most thoughtful and gifted of the present race of musical composers.—ED. M. W.]

"Interpreters of art may be divided into two classes—those who, by their productions, have instantly gained the popularity so desired; and those who, by the more solid workings of a sounder mind, have first obtained the admiration of their *confrères*, after which fame has trumped forth their praises to

the world. There can be little doubt which of these two positions is the more desirable—to receive the laurel wreath from a multitude hasty in its conclusions, and unsound, because hasty; or to be crowned by those who are not led away by any such conclusions, but who, after mature reflection, form their opinion. We must all agree that the latter is the 'consummation devoutly to be wished'; and it is more apparent in the musical art than any other, because this art is more general, and has done great things, not only in assisting the formation of other arts, but even for the welfare of mankind. Music aided in originating the drama, since the Greek tragedy was introduced into the song, not the song into the tragedy. We may thus regard it as the fountain-head of art, and, such being the case, we must look up to and welcome its professors, whenever and wherever they appear. Many, very many, are those who have arrived at the shores of our little island, with their knapsacks on their backs; little worldly goods had they, but there was that within 'which passeth show.' They were kindly greeted;—some have established themselves amongst us, and live in comfort; others have gained means of subsistence, and have sought another land. It must be pleasant for us to reflect, that we have done our duty in assisting those who, endowed with a God's message, have been sent to enlighten us. Let us continue in this path; let us still welcome and uphold genius whenever it shines; let us patronise those in need of our assistance, and in doing this let us remember that we are not only fulfilling that to which our inclination should prompt us, but that it is our duty to regard great men as those sent on earth for a special purpose. They are favoured by the Deity above ourselves, and for that reason we must venerate them. This universal patronage of art must give birth to *charlatans*; it has done so, and many have arisen; yet it is no more difficult to distinguish the true man from the false than the piece of glass from the real diamond—truth shines forth from the great man's work—falsehood from the puny efforts of the *charlatan*. A German poet (Novalis) has said, 'Der wahn lebt von der wahrheit die wahrheit lebt ihr leben in sich' ('Falsehood lives upon truth; truth lives a life of herself'), and we see this exemplified every day; therefore it is as much our duty to repel the false as to welcome the true. 'Mais revenons à nos moutons; ' thinking that a slight sketch of one of those whose cause we have been upholding might not be uninteresting to our readers, we have undertaken to detail some of the facts of Stephen Heller's life, and humbly present to them the fruits of our labours:—

"This great pianist and composer, known as yet more to the profession than to the public, and that principally by his compositions, was born in 1815, at Pesth, in Hungary; he was destined by his father for the bar, but he showed, even at the age of seven, so great a talent for music, that his parents allowed him to cultivate it as an accessory to his other studies, and his father, yielding to the advice of some distinguished amateurs, resolved not to oppose the desire of the aspiring musician; therefore he went with him to Vienna, where he studied the piano under Carl Czerny, Anthon Calm, and Bocklet. Two years afterwards Stephen Heller gave a concert at Vienna, at the termination of which he improvised some fantasias on the piano, before a numerous audience, which testified great delight at the talent that he displayed; soon after his father undertook a tour with him for the purpose of giving concerts in the various towns of Germany, Hungary, and Poland, at which his son performed that species of composition then in fashion and a few essays of his own; in this manner some years passed. At last having arrived,

after a long and fatiguing journey, at Augsburg, in Bavaria, Stephen Heller's father was persuaded to take care of the delicate health of his son, which was much impaired by this wandering life; but it was not only the health of the young artist that was in danger, his future fame might be injured by this purely material existence, particularly dangerous for one who had not yet received an education which might enable him to pass a severe critical ordeal. With the exception of a few concertos of Hummel, Moscheles, and Ries, his whole musical stock consisted of half-a-dozen *morceaux* of Henri Herz and a few other compositions of that kind, the individual merits of which we do not mean to contest, still they cannot be considered as works of high art, but merely as the requirements of the moment. Stephen Heller, therefore, remained some time at Augsburg, where he made the acquaintance of the Comte de Fugger, former tutor to the Prince of Bavaria—a man of vast acquirements, a graceful author, and one of the best musical amateurs; this worthy man revealed a new world to Stephen Heller, by initiating him into the sublime beauties of the compositions of Beethoven and of the other great masters; and, at the same time, by directing his course of reading, and making him understand that all arts depend upon one another, and that a true artist ought to know as much as possible of whatever there be remarkable in the literature of any country. A rich musical and literary library was at the disposal of the young artist, who plunged into it with rapidity. The artistic life of Stephen Heller may be dated from this time; he had already published in Germany some few works, the greater part of them variations on favourite airs, and had just given to the world a fantasia on a theme from *Zampa*, when his serious studies began to reward him. He then composed a scherzo (op. 7), and three impromptus (op. 8), which contrasted their slightly *bizarre* originality with his preceding works so much, that some *connaisseurs* would not believe that they emanated from the same author. These two works were sent in manuscript to Robert Schumann, of Leipzig, who had then begun his career, which has now become so brilliant; this composer was so much struck that he himself searched for a publisher, to accept the works of an author then so little known; at length Mr. Kistner, of Leipzig, published them in 1836, and the critics pronounced those works as promising better things in future. A little later his first sonata appeared (op. 9) at the same publisher's. Of this work Robert Schumann, in an article in *The Musical Gazette* of Leipzig, says (in his half-serious half-sarcastic manner), 'This work will not be much to the taste of certain organists and professors, but artists will be able to find something fresh and original in it.'

"The friendship of Comte de Fugger kept Stephen Heller at Augsburg until 1838, when this noble friend died, and plunged his young pupil into grief; he then quitted the town and went to Paris, where he has remained for twelve years.

"It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of the renowned violinist, Ernst, who interested himself immediately for an artist, in whose talent he discovered so much richness and originality.

"Discouraged as Heller was to find himself continually engaged in material wants, without means, without publishers, he began to lose all confidence in his talent. Ernst did his best to encourage him, and they became still more intimate. They united their efforts, and produced some compositions under the title of 'Pensées Fugitives,' for the piano and violin, and at length, as true merit always ends in overcoming its obstacles, Stephen Heller became most popular in France and Germany, by means of a series of compositions, such as

'La Trinte,' 'La Tarantelle,' and his books of studies. The number of his works up to the present time amounts to seventy, of which the greater part is published at Wessel's.

"We will now say a few words upon the principal traits of Stephen Heller's talent, and upon the position that he holds amongst composers for the piano. The *bizarrie*, occasionally disagreeable, which sometimes accompanies original talent, injured the success of Stephen Heller's early works; but, dating from his first studies (op. 16) to his scherzo (op. 24), and then to his 'Caprice Symphonique' (op. 28), the idea, without ceasing to be original, becomes clearer, the formation of character more and more finished, and the style more simple.

"The German critics, at first harsh, while recognising in his works a true genius, grew warmer in his praise as his talent increased, and at last placed him at the head of modern *pianistes compositeurs*. They, nevertheless, reproached him, and not unjustly, for the great difficulty of his execution; but it is not of that species of difficulty which consists in an infinity of passages—single, double, or octaves, or of *tours de force*; the real difficulty of Heller's works is acquiring a knowledge of their character, a mixture of melancholy feeling and *naïveté*, and a species of humorous thought, such as may be found in some German and English poets, as Jean Paul or Henri Heine, Sterne or Swift. We know that it is not easy to avoid falling into exaggeration, to be able to distinguish how delicate the touch should be, how true and simple the sentiment—free from all affectation, to render such thoughts as the author has conceived. In fine, the *morceaux* must be played by the author himself before we can appreciate all the details, the idea of which it is impossible to convey by the ordinary signs used in musical notation. If there be added to this a habit of writing fully and boldly, which continually occupies both hands, unexpected modulations, new traits, and a novelty of idea and rhythm, which at first sight seem quaint, but which become simple and clear after having heard them several times, then can we understand that Stephen Heller's music cannot be easy at first sight. We think that the English genius, which has so much connection with the German, is calculated to appreciate at its just value a talent of this kind, and we hope we are not mistaken in our expectation."

[We shall continue, from time to time, to present our readers with extracts from the columns of our contemporaries, reserving for ourselves the right of difference on any and all the points they may discuss.—ED. M. W.]

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S SOIRES.

THE first of these came off on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

PREMIERE PARTIE.

Grand Trio in B flat, Op. 97, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Roussetot - - - Beethoven.
Grand Air, *Der Freischütz*, Madile. Magnier - - - Weber.
Sonata (in C major) Op. 38, Piano, M. A. Billet - - - Clementi.

2ME. PARTIE.

Grand Quatuor in B minor, Op. 3, Piano, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, MM. Billet, Deloffre, W. Blagrove, and Roussetot - - - Mendelssohn.
Ave Maria, Madile. Magnier - - - Maurice Levy.
Romances sans Paroles, Venetian Barcarolle, 5me. livre, No. 5, du 2me. livre, and Spring Song, 2me. livre, Piano, M. A. Billet - - - Mendelssohn.
Marches pour Piano, à Quatre mains, MM. Levy and A. Billet - - - Beethoven.
Conductor - - - M. Levy.

M. Billet is a pianist of the true school, and with excellent

taste combines a great command of the instrument. The quartet of Mendelssohn is enormously difficult, especially the *scherzo* and *finale*, in which both hands are incessantly exercised upon rapid and intricate passages. M. Billet, however, found both the power and the stamina to accomplish his task with the utmost effect. The quartet was altogether a fine performance, and MM. Deloffre, W. Blagrove, and Rousselot, seconded the efforts of M. Billet in the most efficient manner.

We have to thank M. Billet for the sonata of Clementi and for the two marches of Beethoven, which were quite novelties to the greater part of his audience. The sonata of Muzio Clementi, though one of his least elaborate works, is a fine specimen of the master, and by his manner of playing it, M. Billet showed himself thoroughly conversant with the style of the learned old Italian. The marches are among the most elegant of the *bagatelles* of Beethoven. M. Maurice Levy, a very good pianist, took the first part, and the *ensemble* was perfect. We arrived too late for the trio, but we have heard it performed by M. Billet on a former occasion, and can speak confidently of the able and vigorous manner in which he executes it. That MM. Deloffre and Rousselot are masters of this high class of music, the Musical Union of Mr. Ella and the Beethoven Quartet Society can testify. Altogether the impression produced upon his audience (among whom were several eminent professors and critics) must have been highly gratifying to M. Billet.

Mdlle. Magnier has a beautiful and powerful *mezzo soprano* voice, and sings with energy and classical taste. She produced a great effect in the fine *scena* of Weber, and was equally at home in the "Ave Maria," of M. Levi, a composition of merit and gravity.

M. Billet's second *soiree*, at which he will play Mendelssohn's first trio, a *sonata in A*, by Pinto (Bravo! M. Billet), and other interesting works, is fixed for Monday week.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE. HAYMARKET.

A NEW three act comedy, entitled *Leap Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, was brought out on Tuesday evening, and achieved a complete success. The author is Mr. Buckstone, who has given so many popular pieces to the stage. This last production is certainly not the least meritorious of the numerous progeny of the writer. Mr. Buckstone, in his new drama, has flown his talent at higher quarry than is his wont. Heretofore he has restricted his pen to amusing caricatures of men and manners; to farcical displays of idiosyncratic character; or, at best, to the partial development of some domestic feeling, more as a contrast to the prevailing humour, than as of paramount importance in the piece; but in *Leap Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, he has made a grave and serious incident the groundwork of his plot—the pivot on which all the circumstances of the action turn. Mr. Buckstone wrote for the Haymarket company. He cut his coat according to his cloth: but his cloth being ample, he has not circumscribed his cutting in any part of the garment. The pick and choice of the Haymarket company are included in the cast of the new comedy. Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Clark, Mrs. W. Clifford, &c. &c.

The argument of the story is simple, and is clearly detailed in the drama. Mrs. Flora Flowerdew (Mrs. Charles Kean), is a young widow who has been bequeathed by her husband a large fortune, on the express condition that she shall marry within a certain day. The scene opens three days before the appointed period, and the widow is placed in the

awkward dilemma of choosing some one she does not like, or yielding up her entire fortune. In this situation of affairs, Mrs. Flowerdew is assisted and advised by Miss Sally O'Leary (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), a raw importation from the Emerald Isle, who induces her to make trial between two connubial candidates, the one a cousin of her own, Mr. Dimple (Mr. Buckstone), a fast man of the time current; the other, a timid and superstitious valetudinarian and woman-hater, Sir Solomon Solus (Mr. Keeley), who would marry the widow only to escape from the persecutions of one Miss Desperate (Mrs. W. Clifford), who determines to carry him to the altar in spite of his teeth. Mrs. Flowerdew, more to please her Irish friend, and dally with the time, than from any anticipation of making a choice, plays and trifles with her two suitors, but in her heart she vows to resign her fortune sooner than marry with heart disengaged. But Love was nearer than she imagined. William Walker (Mr. Charles Kean), is her butler or head-servant; she has taken him without a character, and entertains a liking for him from the first moment. His attention and respectfulness amount to something approaching devotion. Every wish of the lady is anticipated, even to the minutest trifles. He watches and flies, foresees and performs. Never was butler so prophetic and so provident. But William Walker possesses more attractive qualities in the lady's eyes. He is clever, ready-witted, and an admirer of poetry, of which a well-stored memory supplies him with scraps to quote for every occasion. The lady's wonder is excited; and were it not for his too frequent instances of vulgarity of thought and manners, or at least solecisms of expression, she would be inclined to consider William Walker as having been reared in a very different sphere from what his position would indicate. Walker's attention, devotion, assiduity, and poetical quotations at length throw Mrs. Flora Flowerdew's heart in a ferment, and she owns to herself, with terror and despair, that she loves her own servant. A scene in which Mrs. Flowerdew combats with her feelings, and argues against her passion, is remarkably well-written, and highly dramatic.

Finding that she cannot oppose the burners of reason and pride with any hope of stemming the tide of love, she determines to confide all to her Irish friend, Miss Sally O'Leary, and consult with her as to the issue. A capital scene takes place between the two ladies, in which Mrs. Flora Flowerdew is on the point of acquainting Miss Sally O'Leary with her secret, when pride comes to her heart and stops her tongue. The nature and power displayed in this scene is a flight beyond Mr. Buckstone's known abilities, and would do no discredit to a writer of far higher pretensions. In the two scenes just named Mrs. Charles Kean acted with singular truthfulness and intensity. But to our story: Mrs. Flowerdew, after some hesitation, dismissed Walker from her service, and he leaves the house. She is subsequently induced to betray her secret to Miss O'Leary, who is rejoiced to find her friend has got a heart at all, and straightway counsels her to marry William Walker, both to please herself and save her fortune. After some consideration, and struggles with her pride, Mrs. Flowerdew at last consents. But then the question naturally arises, how can it be effected; for, as Mrs. Flowerdew says, "Walker will never ask me." "Then," says Miss O'Leary, "I will show you a precedent, and give you one into the bargain in my own person." Whereupon she takes up an old book, and reads the following extract from "An Act to amend the Laws of Courtship and Matrimony:"

"Albeit it is now become part of the common law, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every Bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege of making love unto the men, which

they doe either by wordes or lookees as unto them seemeth proper, and no man will be entituled to the benefit of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offer of a lady, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with neglect or contumely."

The power of the act not appearing to show itself forcibly in the apprehension of her friend, Miss O'Leary determines to try the effect of example. Accordingly, taking advantage of the privileges of the Leap Year, as by law enacted, she professes her hand and heart to Mr. Dimple, who, something loath, at last consents. Having thus broken the ice, she contrives to bring Mrs. Flowerdew and William together, when a very exciting scene occurs, in which the lady, after ascertaining that William loves her, and has long adored her in silence, asks him to marry her, and, overcome by her emotions, rushes out of the room without waiting for his answer. The play draws to an end, but the *denouement* is not yet disclosed. The hour has arrived in which Mrs. Flora Flowerdew must accept a husband, or resign her fortune. The relation, Mr. William Willoughby, on whom the fortune devolves in case of the non-fulfilment of the conditions of the will, suddenly arrives at the door, and demands entrance into the house to take an inventory of the things previous to entering into possession. A scuffle is heard without; and Mrs. Flowerdew desires William to go out and appease the tumult, by explaining the true circumstances of the case. William departs, and in a brief space of time a commotion is again heard, and a servant announces Mr. William Willoughby. The eyes of all present are turned on the new comer; and great is the surprise to find that William Walker is William Willoughby, and that he only assumed the garb and condition of servant in the hope of gaining a heart under such circumstances as could leave him no doubt of the owner's affection. The play terminates with every gentleman asked by every lady to marry her, with the exception of Sir Solomon Solus, who, having received no female application, contents himself with providing the marriage certificates.

The comic portions of the drama, though long and amusing, are nothing more than fringes hung round the plot—the parsley concorditants round a dish of spiced tongue or ham. Mr. Buckstone had too many good people to write for; had too many good things to put in the good people's mouths; and had too many good scenes to bring in the good things that were to be put into the good people's mouths. It was a work of no small difficulty to write a part for Mr. Keeley, and a part for Mrs. Keeley, and a part for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and a part for himself (Mr. Buckstone), to say nothing of a part for Mr. Selby; and give each of them several things to say which would conduce to visibility. Mr. Buckstone is not a Congreve, nor yet a Sir John Vanburgh, nor even a Sheridan in wit; but he has a humour and shrewdness of his own, and withal a dramatic skill which few writers for the stage have surpassed. Although thrown into comparative obscurity by the leading incidents, the comic portions of *Leap Year* rarely fail to excite a laugh, and sometime displays ingenuity and felicity. The dialogue is for the most part smart and telling, and is always easy and applicable to the scene.

The characters by themselves are not entitled to high praise. Mr. Buckstone plays a fast man of the present day—as we are led to suppose from the fashion of his garments and his speech—who talks of casinos, latch-keys, and late hours, and who has little to recommend him excepting his impudence and coolness—two qualifications which Mr. Buckstone's talents as an actor cannot fail to render highly amusing.

Mr. Keeley, as Sir Solomon Solus, is still less happily fitted in his part. To see Keeley, however, play an old dotard, who

rejoices in doubtful nankeens and loose gaiters, who wears no wig but the scanty one God has left him, who is rolled on in a Bath chair, and is frightened at everything, is enough to excite laughter in the most imperturbable of audiences. Sir Solomon has little to do in the plot, and might be omitted without detriment.

Mrs. Keeley plays Mrs. Crisp, the ancilla, or waiting maid to Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. This character is smart enough, but Mr. Buckstone has committed a great mistake in allowing Mrs. Crisp to talk at one time in the language of a Mrs. Malaprop, and at another in that of an accomplished linguist.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam has a good part to play in Sally O'Leary; but, unfortunately, in endeavouring to render it Irish, she has made it vulgar. We know something of Irish life, and we never yet heard a lady in any sphere of life—for ladies are brought up very differently in different spheres—give vent to such exclamations as "Och!"—"towl'd"—"cowld"—"spake"—"darlint," and such like. Besides, Mrs. Fitzwilliam's brogue was much too coarse for any female beyond the pale of the cotten or the bog-trotter. It fell neither racy nor natural from her lips, and smacked more of candle than buttermilk. The character, nevertheless, was played with much archness and point, and is the best written in the piece.

There is a Captain Mouser, an upstart military man, played by Mr. Selby, with spasmodic gestures and gentish animation. This gentleman figures to small advantage in the plot. Mr. Clark personates a lisping page with some effect, and Mrs. W. Clifford elevates Miss Desperate to an importance refused her by the author.

These are the comic and minor personages of the piece; and of how little value they are to the development of the story may be gathered from the fact, that in our argument they have scarcely been alluded to.

The hero—William Walker—is drawn with much skill and some felicity. We make this distinction, because we consider the character more a tool in the hands of the dramatist than a happy exemplification of any sterling quality. In order to bring his heroine's trials to the utmost proof, the author seems to have found it necessary to render his hero cold-blooded and impenetrable, and merciless even when he could save. In truth, the character of William Walker is sufficiently repulsive throughout, and he excites not the least interest until the end, when he comes in, throwing his former self aside, and having doffed his livery, appears in a white waistcoat and clean clothes. There is a good deal, however, in William Walker to bring out the actor, and Mr. Charles Kean made the most of every available point.

Whatever fault we may find in William Walker, we have none whatever to discover in Mrs. Flora Flowerdew, the heroine. A more interesting character has rarely appeared in three-act comedy. The entire attention of the author seems to have been bestowed upon her. She is at once clever and amiable, trustful and fond, generous and proud, high-minded and lowly, heedless of herself, and mindful of all others. That she is full of innocence as well as feeling, must be gathered from her falling in love with a person of such seeming questionable qualities as William Walker. But her very credulity is her praise—she trusts to the impressions of her heart, and would follow its dictates. The struggle between her pride and love is depicted with truthfulness and power; and, although the scenes in which these struggles are manifested remind us of similar passages in the *Hunchback*, they have a force and truth of their own not to be disputed. In the performance of Mrs. Flora Flowerdew, Mrs. Charles Kean greatly distinguished herself. In the lighter portions of the

play, she was lady-like and elegant. One comic scene—the pretended courtship between Mrs. Flowerdew and Mr. Dimple—was acted to perfection. Nothing could be more true to the situation. The scenes between Mrs. Flowerdew and Sir Solomon Solus, were also given with infinite comic spirit. We have already alluded to the principal serious scenes of the drama. In these, Mrs. Charles Kean exhibited all her energy and passion, and gained immense applause. We can hardly call to mind any new part in which Mrs. Charles Kean produced a more evident impression. The character is admirably suited to her; and nothing proves Mr. Buckstone's talents as a dramatist more than his skill in investing his heroine with those traits of pathos and gentleness, in the embodiment of which the fair actress has obtained so high a reputation.

The drama was put upon the stage with the utmost completeness. The scenes consisted of two drawing rooms at Mrs. Flowerdew's. The furniture was beautiful and costly, and the arrangements admirable at all points. The dresses were all new. Mr. Webster has spared no expense in getting up Mr. Buckstone's new comedy. He anticipated a great success, and has not been disappointed.

Everybody was called for at the end, and *Leap Year* was announced for repetition every evening amid loud and prolonged acclamations.

PRINCESS'S.

THE present Pantomime Season promises to be as successful as that of last year. The theatre has been filled every night; and whether the performance was Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, or Mr. Schira's *Mina*, the receipts amounted to much the same. The pantomime is, no doubt, the great attraction, and a capital pantomime it is, full of good singing and good hits, containing some of the best worst puns ever made, admirably worked in the machinery, excellently painted, with a first rate Clown—a very first rate, yclept Flexmore—a fast Harlequin, and a tough Pantaloons. Now, what more were wanting,

In the season when pants the heart for fun,
to attract others besides

The heartless, the thoughtless, the free—

and to swell the coffers of the treasury? of a verity, nothing; or at least not much more. But somehow we find that however full a vessel may be, a quota may be added. The Princess's Theatre has been crowded every night during the run of the pantomime, but by far the greatest house of the season, not excepting Boxing-night, was on Thursday, when Macfarren's new opera, *King Charles the Second*, was re-performed, after it had been laid aside for more than a month.

The music of *King Charles the Second* was never listened to with graver attention, and never afforded more general delight than it did on Thursday evening. Even the pantomime-seekers were pleased, and joined lustily in the applauses and encores. The artists acquitted themselves better than ever, the chorus was more steady, the band more correct, and the conductor more painstaking. We have no hesitation in saying, that the performance was superior to any which had gone before.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang most deliciously throughout. She appears to have gained more force latterly in her upper voice, as was especially shewn in the quartet, "Oh, father, prove not so unkind," and in the finale in the first act. We have no doubt that her singing three or four times a-week only, in place of six, has tended to strengthen and improve her organ.

Madame Macfarren, who had not appeared since the last representation of *King Charles the Second*, was received with

general and genial warmth, and obtained a loud encore in the first song, the exquisite ballad, "She shines before me like a star," to which her graceful and unaffected singing, and her admirable style, well entitled her. She was also encored in the captivating duet, "O, blest are young hearts," with Miss Pyne, a most charming specimen of ensemble singing on the part of the two fair artists. Madame Macfarren has made great advances as an actress. She gains more ease and more self-possession with every successive performance.

Mr. Harrison sang exceedingly well, and acted with unusual animation and volatility of spirits. He makes a capital Jack Tar. Mr. Weiss was in splendid voice, and was encored in "Nan of Battersea." This gentleman appears thoroughly to feel and thoroughly to appreciate Mr. Macfarren's music. This is one cause of his success in Captain Copp. He does the comic business soundly and right merrily.

Mrs. Weiss also merits a word for her more than usually careful rendering of the difficult music of the Queen.

The madrigal, very finely sung, was encored with great applause. The encores amounted to six in all—a very fair amount for a pantomime night, when so many of the auditors are impatient and irksome for the commencement of the Christmas fun.

King Charles the Second is announced for to-night and Monday, and, most probably, will be played three times a-week.

The *Val d'Andorre*, we hear, is in rehearsal, and a new opera by Mr. Schira is talked of.

ST. JAMES'S.

OPERA COMIQUE.—On Wednesday last, Herold's popular opera of *Zampa*, the libretto by M. de Mélesville, was produced at this theatre with the most decided success. The opera was got up with the utmost attention both as to the cast and the scenic effects, with perhaps the sole exception of the part of Alphonse, which was too much for M. Killy Leroy, and should have rather been entrusted to M. Lac. *Zampa* is decidedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master; we find in it unmistakeable proofs of originality of conception and design, an evident desire to shake off some of the trammels of the old school of the Opera Comique, and enlarge its capabilities, and at the same time a rich fund of melody, with a profound knowledge of musical combinations and orchestral effects. In his desire to be original, Herold has, perhaps, at times, outstepped the limits of contrapuntal rules, and risked certain modulations not quite in keeping with the laws of harmony, leaving the ear painfully uncertain as to the key;* but such slight blemishes are redeemed by beauties of a very high order, and a certain degree of novelty not always unpleasing even in its irregularity. This opera was first produced in Paris, in 1831, and the part of the hero was written expressly for M. Chollet, then in the zenith of his fame, that of the heroine being played by Madame Casimir, who shortly after retired from the stage.

The libretto is of the *Don Giovanni* school, and cannot lay claim to much originality either in the incidents or construction of the plot; but the dialogue is neatly put together, and the individuality of the personages well contrasted and maintained throughout. The moral of the story is evident, being the triumph of Divine justice over a hardened and impenitent profligate. A short analysis of the canvas on which M. de Mélesville has worked out this moral may perhaps amuse our readers, and serve as a justification to our opinion of its merits. The nuptial ceremony between Camille, the daughter

* We beg leave respectfully to differ from our worthy and esteemed contributor. We heard no such defiance of the rules of modulation.—ED.

of Lugano, a rich merchant of Sicily, and Alphonse de Monza, a young officer ruined by the vices of an elder brother, are about to be solemnised, but the arrival of Zampa, under an assumed name, forces the young lady to alter her resolution, and retract her promise. Zampa has carried off Lugano, and he arrives at the villa in the hope of extorting an enormous ransom as the price of his liberty; but, on seeing Camille, he becomes enamoured of her, and insists on her marrying him. She obeys, after a long resistance. But the statue, who is no other than a victim of the pirate's early profligacy, and who is esteemed and venerated as a saint in the country, interferes at the proper moment, and, like the Commander in *Don Giovanni*, carries off the seducer, we know not where; but all we care to know is, that he disappears, led off the back of the stage by a person in white, and the lovers are united, as if nothing particular had happened. Such is a slight outline of the plot: but on this canvass, which is of very doubtful quality, although there are several good situations, the composer has written some of the most sparkling and delightful music we ever heard.

The overture is a brilliant compound of lively dashing airs, some of which re-appear at intervals throughout the opera, and is too well known in England to require any comment. The first act abounds in beauties, and opens with a chorus—"Dans ces présens que de magnificence," of a lively character, which was rendered with much spirit, and evinced most careful training in the executants. The air sung by Camille (Mdlle. Charton), "A ce bonheur suprême," is a graceful and pretty melody, and the *complainte* in which Camille explains to Alphonse the legend attached to the statue of Alice, the burden of which is found in the overture, is exquisitely plaintive and melodious. The trio which follows "Qu'as-tu donc?" in which Dandolo (M. Chateaufort) attempts to explain his interview with the stranger, and the quatuor which ensues on the appearance of Zampa (M. Chollet) in person, are excessively well put together and admirably descriptive of the poor bell-ringer's terror, the audacity of Zampa, and the awe inspired by his presence to the two women. The acting of Mdlles. Charton and Guichard, and that of Messrs. Chollet and Chateaufort, contributed in no small measure to the effect produced, and made one of the best scenes we remember on any stage. The first act terminates with a chorus of pirates, in which Zampa sings a most spirited song, accompanied by the chorus, "Que la vague écumeante," and terminates by the terror of the pirates, awe-struck at the sacrilege of their captain, who plights his faith to the statue. This finale contains some striking effects, and evinces considerable dramatic feeling in the composer.

In the second act, we have also several melodies and concerted pieces of undoubted merit, among which we may mention the opening chorus, "Aux pieds da la Madone;" Zampa's air, "Il faut souscrire à mes lois;" and the duet between Ritta and Dandolo, "Juste ciel—ah! grand Dieu!" which latter is one of Herold's happiest inspirations, and perhaps the most piquant piece of the whole opera. Mdlle. Guichard and M. Soyer deserve great praise both for their singing and acting, and elicited much applause, which they well deserved. The finale of the second act is also well put together, and contains a beautiful melody in E major, 6-8 time, sung by Zampa, "Douce Jouvencelle." The third act has been injudiciously curtailed; it now contains little beyond the *complainte* of the first act, and a cavatina in the finale, "Pourquoi trembler," sung by Zampa.

Mdlle. Charton was in good voice and sang her best; she also acted the part of Camille with much tenderness and

passion. Madlle. Guichard proved herself a most intelligent and clever artiste; the part of Ritta could not have found a more lively and intelligent interpreter. M. Chollet proved how much can be done by a good artist, who knows how to turn his means to the best advantage, and who is moreover a finished actor. The part of Zampa was a very trying one for him, even twenty years ago, and, in undertaking it now, M. Chollet risked comparisons which might have injured his present popularity, but we are happy to say that he got over the ordeal with great credit to himself and earned the sympathy of the whole house. M. Chateaufort was greeted as an old acquaintance; we were pleased to see him; he acted the part of Dandolo with infinite humour, his by-play was excellent, and he kept the house in continual laughter whenever he appeared. M. Killy Leroy, as we have said before, was but indifferent, both as an actor and singer. The house was crowded.

J. DE C.—

THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. 1.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

The projected establishment of a national opera, upon what it is hoped will prove a permanent basis, is a fact of so much public importance, that we feel bound to say a few words upon that subject specially—as also upon the progress and influence of music generally. An art to which only last season no less than five of our principal theatres were devoted, besides the usual Exeter Hall, Hanover-square, and other concerts—which is taught in all our schools, received into all families, has its professorships at the great universities, and is honoured by the marked patronage of Her Gracious Majesty—must be admitted to exercise a powerful influence upon the public mind, if not to form a necessary element of education. As bad music vitiates the mind in the same degree with bad poetry and painting, and must be equally prejudicial to our national taste and degrading to our character, it is of paramount importance that such clear and accurate ideas of the art be given to the public as shall enable them to judge betwixt the true and false, in order that, detecting and rejecting the latter with uncompromising consistency, they may receive and reward *only* the former, under whatever circumstances it may be brought before them, and without reference to name or country. The importance of anything which occupies so large an amount of public attention as does the art of music at this moment, from the peer to the peasant, cannot be doubted, or its influence denied. Let it not then be imagined that it is of no consequence what *kind* of music be given to the people, for there all the consequence lies. A nation's taste in literature and the fine arts must ever be taken as an indication of the actual state of its intelligence and refinement; and we feel convinced that a love for the vile and mean in art will always be found associated with a very low intellectual and moral status. Music, like every other art, has two sides: the one, corrupt and enervating in its influence—the other, elevating and ennobling; the one breathing a namby-pamby spirit of sickly sentimentality and incomprehensible transcendentalism—the other uttering truth to the heart in tones at once of simple grandeur and angelic sweetness.

The radical cause of the defective state of public taste is to be found in the ignorant and unconscionable system of musical instruction practised by most of our professors. If pupils were taught from the *commencement* to understand and appreciate the great masters, the judgment of the informed and honest critic would no longer appear prejudiced and pedantic, the man of true genius no longer be allowed to pine in indigence, or the charlatan to tatten on the bounty of the great. The odium of bad taste, then, should fall most properly on those who inculcate it. The amount of trash with which the pianos of our young ladies are covered is inconceivable. "Butterfly Polkas," "Elephant Polkas," "Row Polkas," with incoherent fantasias upon so-called popular opera or ballet tunes, and impossible variations upon insignificant themes, form their instrumental *répertoire*; whilst their vocal is made up of modern Italian opera airs, and heart-rending native ballads, which

speak of "Days that are faded," "Meeting people in crowds," and "Daring to love" somebody. In this deplorable state of affairs, created by unconscientious and ignorant artists, encouraged by music publishers, and sanctioned by the press, how are the pure and intellectual beauties of the great masters to be understood and loved? It is only by listening attentively to the opinions of those who have devoted their lives to the serious study of their art, weighing well their arguments, and taking every opportunity of hearing and practising those great works which they must eventually learn to understand and reverence. It is possible for the ear to have been so educated to good music as to enable it easily to distinguish between good and bad; but as knowledge (if, indeed, it can be so called) acquired in this way must necessarily be very vague and inaccurate, it is desirable that persons interested in the art should devote a little time to the examination and analysis of the comparative merits of eminent writers, in order that they may know why and in what respect one differs from or is superior to another, and be able to give a satisfactory reason for their judgment and preference. There is a reason for everything; and the beauties of art are as susceptible of proof as any other; if we but seek with diligence and discernment. It must, therefore, be our business to discover the *principles* upon which the great masters worked; and, as truth is immutable, we shall find one grand principle of "variety in unity" running through all great works, whether in poetry, painting, sculpture, or music. Any one possessing the requisite knowledge of one of these arts, may, reasoning by analogy, arrive at the truth with regard to the others. If fine works were the result of chance or mere inspiration, there would be no such thing as improvement; which theory would be utterly opposed to the evidence of facts, which proves the gradual and progressive development of all the arts from infancy to maturity. The music of the early composers sounds vague and formal to a modern ear, yet theirs was the solid foundation upon which their successors wrought; and without a Guido d'Arezzo, Palestrina, Caldara, Prenestino, and Fux, we should have had no Handels, Haydns, Mozarts, or Beethovens. The rigid system of counterpoint invented and enforced by the former forms the basis of the style of the latter, which they have carried to the last degree of perfection, with such developments and modifications as a fuller comprehension of the subject suggested to them. The influence of deep contrapuntal study is to be found in the works of all the greatest masters; and although they have broken through the strictness of some early rules, which prohibited the use of this or that interval, and destroyed the arbitrary distinctions between the strict and free styles, yet, as an indispensable discipline of the mind, they have all admitted its power, and submitted (at least for a time) to its restrictions; and to this course of study is to be ascribed the almost perfect vocality of their part writing. The practice of simple counterpoint has undergone some changes, consequent upon the introduction of novel combinations (no less than nine chords at present in use having been unknown or unpractised before the eighteenth century), and the extended cultivation of singers, who can now take most of the intervals, particularly after hearing them upon an instrument, with faultless intonation. But the doctrine of invertible harmony (double counterpoint), the ground-work of fine writing, and the very key-stone of the much-desired "variety in unity," remains to us in all its original force. To make our meaning clear, we will borrow some illustrations of the "variety in unity" principle from the sister arts. We find, for instance, in the *Othello* of Shakspere the principle of *jealousy*, which is the subject of the play, in a gradual state of development, and surrounded by accessory ideas growing out of the subject, yet never interfering with, but always increasing, its interest. In a picture by Michael Angelo, we see a subject surrounded by objects various in their forms, but still conceived with perfect unity of design, and which increase, but by no means divide, the interest which the subject creates; they are rendered subservient to the general effect. Precisely the same principle is to be found in all truly great musical works; and this principle, which we shall term *classical*, must exist, however, *forms* may differ. Without it we have "a thing of shreds and patches"—a mass of incongruous ideas, which would gain their *habeas corpus* from any musical court in Christendom. Judging from the present state of music, both at home and abroad, it is indeed truly hard to say what the art will ultimately come to.

That everything resembling purity of style and grandeur of form and conception is rapidly disappearing, and that a school founded in truth and beauty is giving way before one of "effects" and incomprehensible extravagances, we fear is too evident. That the art reached its highest point with Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and has since been declining, there can be no doubt, unless we are prepared to assert that the music of Mendelssohn or Spohr is greater than that of the mighty "Ton Dichter." Modern mechanical science, however, has invented and perfected several orchestral instruments unknown in the time of the greatest master, and the use or misuse of these (especially the brass), and their increased facilities of execution, must have a powerful influence one way or the other upon modern composition and taste. Unfortunately, they have as yet been employed only by ignorant pretenders, who think through their boisterous agency to conceal the poverty of their invention, and the absence of all the highest attributes of musicianship. These persons, who take quaintness for beauty, and noise for grandeur, are among the most dangerous corruptors of public taste. At the same time it must be admitted that a wide field has been opened to the aspiring composer for the display of his genius, where he may traverse untrodden paths with glory to himself and benefit to the art, if he but make a right use of the extended means within his reach. Novel combinations of instruments, and a due appreciation of the "ton-farbe," or colour the tone derives from the nature of the instrument employed, may be made to impart freshness even to a stale idea; and although "we are not so nice to change true rules for odd inventions," still we cannot reasonably object to experiments being tried in the new world of sound. If the result be satisfactory to the musician, the point is settled: a discovery has been made, and something is gained for the art. It may be useful, however, to the student to reflect that a simple phrase by any of the great masters, scored for the ordinary instruments, conveys more breadth and grandeur to the mind than could an army of ten thousand trombones, cornets, and ophicleides, bellowing forth some modern puerility. Mozart and Beethoven, in their grandest works, made a very sparing use of the brass instruments at their command. In the heroic symphony, for instance, Beethoven has used but *three horns* and two trumpets; and Mozart, in his *Idomeneo* (one of his loftiest inspirations), only four horns, two trumpets, and three trombones; the latter being used for a special effect, to accompany the divine sentence upon Idomeneo. The student must also reflect that the dexterous use of the brass instrument is frequently, though not necessarily, found associated with a very low degree of invention and very paltry musicianship. He will find by investigation that these instruments can only be judiciously employed in producing contrasts, which must not be too frequent or too violent, or a great principle of truth and beauty is violated; that they are very unmanageable, and still very imperfect; and he will recognise as a truth, that it is more glorious to produce a great effect with *small means* than to reverse the process. The spirit in which the projected national opera is to be conducted will be of the utmost importance to the progress of music amongst us; and every man who loves the art looks with anxiety to the proceedings of the committee. In that opera-house we shall expect to hear the greatest works the country can produce. By the reception which those works meet with from the public and press we shall be enabled to judge pretty accurately how far we have advanced in error or are reverting back to a pure taste. We would, however, implore our young composers to eschew the servile imitations to which they are addicted; to study *constantly* and *deeply* the principles of the art; to strive to attain a complete mastery of the *means*; and to make the great masters their model in the true sense of the word. All the weakness we at present remark in them, and the tendency to lean on somebody, is more the result of a want of knowledge than of talent. To convey our ideas to others exactly as we conceived them, in all their originality, is one of the greatest difficulties in music (as in all other arts), and demands a much higher amount of knowledge than is generally to be found in young writers. A musical work conceived without the requisite knowledge of means must either turn out an abortion, or the bewildered composer, finding himself at a loss, flies to other writers for examples; and not, perhaps, discovering at the moment anything which immediately applies to his case, is forced to alter his conception to suit the taste of his knowledge; and thus

is obliged, not from want of ideas, but the power of *expressing* them, to give a work to the public which is truly not his own. The fact is that a really great work must be conceived with a *full knowledge of means*. The grandest conceptions are only engendered by great knowledge; and, with a true artist, conception and execution should be included in one act of the mind. Let our composers, then, study deeply the theory and principles of their art, making the great masters their model, with regard to whom we could say to them, "Nocturna versate manu, versate diuina." They will there see the application of the principles, and learn to think and feel for themselves. The importance of the *libretti* to which our composers are to write cannot be over-estimated, and that the vile doggerel which has hitherto been allowed to pollute opera books may be at once and for ever condemned and discarded is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." The commercial views of music-publishers must no longer be permitted to influence the proceedings of managers, who must bear in mind that a work may be very attractive to the public without being made, like the barber's razors, "to sell." A national opera is a subject of public interest, and the dignity of art must not be invaded, or the taste of the nation libelled, to oblige any firm, however influential. We shall continue to watch the proceedings of the National Opera Committee, and—

"Still pleased to praise, though not afraid to blame," shall unhesitatingly expose any abuse which may come under our notice.

In conclusion, we call upon our artists to be true to themselves; to follow resolutely what they *know* to be right; to allow no intrigue or indolence to turn them from the difficult but direct path which leads to fame and honour for themselves and their country. In the words of Dante, we will say to the aspiring student—

"Sequi il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti,
Sta come Torre ferma che non crolla,
Giammai la lama per soffiar di venti."

If these injunctions be followed, we do not despair of seeing at last a national opera worthy of the British nation.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. AND MRS. DONALD KING AND MR. BORRANI have commenced an engagement at the theatre for a fortnight, and have already appeared in the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*. The operas have not been so well done as usual—inferior, in fact, to anything of the sort we have had at our Theatre Royal for some time past—but perhaps they will please better next week, when *Haydée* is to be given for the first time in this town. The Pantomime, one of the best that has ever been seen in Liverpool, draws immensely; its success is likely to remunerate our spirited manager, Mr. Copeland, for the expense he has incurred since he undertook the direction of one of the finest theatres in the provinces.

Miss Anne Romer took her farewell of her numerous admirers here last Friday, at the Concert Hall, where she appeared at a concert with some infant prodigies, yclept "The Fairy Minstrels." Though the concert was hurriedly got up, and little publicity had been given to it, yet the hall was attended by a highly respectable audience, who encored our favourite *prima donna* in almost all her songs. She sang "Black-eyed Susan," "Home, sweet Home," and other favourite *morceaux*, with her usual skill and taste, and was enthusiastically cheered at the conclusion of the concert. Miss Anne Romer is a living contradiction of the old saw, a "prophet has no honour in his own country." I believe that she will appear, with some members of her family, in a series of operas at one of our theatres next Easter. I hope this is true, for up to the present time her efforts on the stage have been greatly, almost completely, marred by the inefficiency of the other members of the operatic corps. The Philharmonic Society gave another concert in their new Hall last Monday. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Madame de Manara, and Miss Balf; Mr. F. Robinson, Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. Yoxley, of Dublin, and Mr. J. Robinson, of Liverpool. The instrumentalists were, Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Dublin, pianoforte; and Mr. Percival, flute. Mr. E. F. Smith presided at the pianoforte. The attendance was not numerous,

Blewitt, Templeton, and John Parry, have all concerts announced for this next week. One of our local journals, *The Albion*, states positively in his last two numbers, that Jenny Lind will sing in Liverpool in the course of next month. Perhaps he is right, and perhaps he is not. It would not be polite to contradict him.

Mrs. H. Beale, the pianist, gave the second of a series of four concerts, at the Royal Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday, to a select, though not very numerous, audience. The programme consisted of selections from the classical authors of the day, embracing a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Beethoven, and a quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Mendelssohn. The instrumentalists were Messrs. J. Z. Hermann and Lawson (violins), Messrs. Haddock and Saunders (violoncellos), Mr. Adelsbeag (viola), and Mrs. Beale (pianoforte). The second part opened with Mendelssohn's duet in D (*Air Varié*) for pianoforte and violoncello, performed by Mrs. Beale and Mr. Haddock.

The Philharmonic Society have announced a grand ball, to take place in a few days, which will be so arranged as to permit the juveniles to participate in the pleasures of dancing. They have also stated their intention to issue season tickets for a series of concerts, which will be a great convenience both to the society and the public, since those who choose to avail themselves of the tickets may not only have the privilege of *entrée* but select particular seats for the entire series.

Four more performances have been given at the Collegiate Institution since I last wrote, leaving six to terminate the series. The *Creation* drew a large audience, and the miscellaneous concerts have been respectfully attended. The pecuniary result of these *soirées*, it is understood, will enable the directors to accomplish their purpose of relieving their noble organ from debt. Miss H. Taylor, Miss Collins, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. W. H. Seguin have been the principal singers. This evening *Judas Maccabeus* will be given. The chorus, as in the *Messiah*, was so excellent as again to win the marked approval of the eminent conductor, Sir H. R. Bishop. The accompaniments on the organ and pianoforte have been played by Mr. C. F. Smith; and Spohr's overture to the *Last Judgment*, by Mr. W. Rogers and himself, was a great treat.

J. H. N.

JULLIEN IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WE have had the pleasure of a visit from M. Jullien, accompanied by his excellent orchestra and the renowned Madille Jetty Treffz. The programme presented the usual novelties, which were first produced at the popular concerts at Drury Lane Theatre, and have since gone the round of the provinces. The concert commenced with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was dashingly played. A new set of quadrilles, "The Hungarians," is very pretty, and abounds with those sparkling effects with which Jullien so well knows how to charm the ears and the understandings of the novelty-seeking public. The variations were played by Collins (violin), Jennings (oboe), Collinet (flageolet), Sonnenberg (clarinet), and Koenig (cornet), who exhibited the talent which has won for each his respective eminence. "The Cossack Polka," "Row Polka," "Chatelaine Polka," "Wild Flower Waltz," with a selection from *Don Juan*, were the other principal features of the instrumental part of the concert. There has been great curiosity amongst the musical and non-musical inhabitants of Glasgow to hear and see Madille Jetty Treffz. She was greeted on her appearance in the orchestra with several rounds of applause. But as all things must come to an end, so at last did the applause; and as one thing begins as soon as another ends, when the applause subsided, Madille Jetty Treffz began to sing. Mozart's aria "Vedrai carino" was selected for her first *morceau*, which *chef d'œuvre* of vocal melody she sang so delightfully that she at once enlisted all hands and all hearts in her favour. Kücken's characteristic *lied*, "Trab, trab, trab," next announced, was sung next accordingly, and enthusiastically encored, and one of our most popular national ditties, "Coming through the rye," substituted. If ever you have attended a concert in the "Land o' Cakes," you can easily picture to yourself the sensation produced on us when we were made aware (by the introductory symphony) that we were going to hear one of our most favourite "tunes" from the lips of such a pretty foreign warbler as Madille Jetty Treffz. Wholly un-

prepared for such a compliment to our nationality, we were not a little flattered by the sympathy which had prompted Madlle. Treffz to study our Scottish melody and dialect—a task not to be accomplished by a stranger without considerable difficulty. In the second part, a new ballad, "My bright Savoy," by "Angelina," a clever and touching composition, which I hope to hear frequently, was most favourably received. After this came a Venetian air, "Io voglio"—another uncompromising encore. The audience were determined to have something more. They did not care what so that Madlle. Jetty Treffz was the singer. The gifted little German is certainly the most good-natured "prima donna" in the world. Although she had already sung no less than five times, she cheerfully came forward for the sixth, and gave Sir Henry Bishop's Anglo-Spanish ballad "Home, sweet home." The public fully appreciated her kindness, and evinced their appreciation in a manner that I think must have been thoroughly satisfactory to the artist. If it would not be drawing too largely on your time, would you be kind enough to give an old Scot, a hearty lover of national songs of every clime, some idea of the number of languages Madlle. Jetty Treffz is prepared to sing in? I observe that upon every occasion of an encore, a song in another language is substituted, of course in quite another style. During this concert she sang in English, Scotch, Italian, and German. Can she sing in Irish and Welsh? I hardly doubt it. She appears to be able to do everything. The songs of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Spohr, and other great masters, appear to be as much at her command as the natural ballads to which she gives a physiognomy at once so national and simple; she has quite established her reputation in this town, as I have no doubt she will in every other that she may visit in Scotland, as one of the most unaffected and charming singers we have heard. The Concert Hall was crowded in every part, and was attended by the most respectable families in this part of the country. M. Jullien was immensely applauded on his entrance and at the conclusion of the concert. M. Jullien has announced another concert to take place on Saturday evening. Should anything occur worthy your notice I will inform you of it.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 4.)

Cor. Where had you this black?

Jac. I bought him at the Porto Santo.

Cor. Methinks he is a better-favoured Moor than ordinary.

Jac. Aye, sir,—his nose is not so flat as most of theirs, and he has not altogether such a black mossy pate.

Old Play.

Facilè divinabam non fuisse Poetam.

ERASMUS. Convivium Poeticum.

La plupart des hommes sont riches d'une suffisance étrangère.

MONTAIGNE, iii. cap. 8.

ΗΦΑΙ. Εωρακας απολλαν το της Ματας βρεφος το αρτι τεχνεν, οτι καλον τε εστι και προσγελα πατη, και δηλοι τη δηλ οτι μεγα αγαθον αποθημενον;

ΑΙΓ. Εκεινο γε φω βρεφος, ο Ηφαιστε, η μεγα αγαθον δ του Ιαπετου τρεβιτερον εστιν δον ετ τη πανουργια; * * * ουτως αγχηερ εστι καβατερ εν τη γαστρι εκμεληρας την κλεπτικην.

LUCIAN.

If to pull off the mask from an *Impostor*, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is), a better opportunity never can offer itself.SMART. Preface to the *Hilliad*.

Fur avara librorum.—MARTIAL.

Scriptores nostri quovis è genere librorum, etiam non optimorum, auecupant utilitatem aliquam, et omnes undique flosculos delibant quo ferè pacto princeps olim poetarum legere se gemmas ex Laniano stercore dicebat.—VAVASSOR. *De iud. dict.*

His vaine in verse was such,
so stately eke his style,
His feat in forging sugred songs
with clean and curious file,
As all the learned Greekes
and Romaines would repine
If they did live againe to view
his verse with careful eyne.

[G. TURBERVILLE, *Songs and Sonnets*, 1570.]

What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

SHAKSPEARE. *Henry IV.*The *third* rule of plagiarism is short and simple. It consists in merely copying entire lines from your predecessor, without hesitation, acknowledgment, or thanks. Sam Rogers is potent in this line. *Ex. gra.*

ROGERS.

In him the rays of virtue shine.

Evidently copied from Pope's reflection on Wolsey:—
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.

ROGERS.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age.POPE. *Universal Prayer.*

In every age,

In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage.

ROGERS.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest.GRAY.—*Elegy.*

The swallow twittering from her clay-built nest.

The author of *Tam O'Shanter*, too, has a thought of rather doubtful origin, which may be almost classed under this rule:—

BURNS.

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

BOCCACCIO.—Nov. vi. 6th Day.

I have only to show, in order to gain my question, that the Baronci family is the most ancient of all others. You must understand, therefore, that they were formed when *Nature* was in her infancy, and before she was perfect at her work; and that the rest of mankind were all created afterwards.

Let us see how Tommy deals with this rule of prigging.

MOORE. *Corruption.*And the duped people hourly doomed to pay,
The sums that bribe their liberties away,
Like a young eagle who has lent his plume,
To pledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;
See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart,
That rank corruption destines for their heart.HOWELL. *On Master Fletcher.*England, like Lucian's eagle with an arrow,
Of her own plumes piercing her heart quite thorow.GILES FLETCHER. *Christ's Victory.*How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feather to their flight.K. PHILLIPS. *On Controversies in Religion.*Religion, which true policy befriends,
Designed by God to serve man's noblest ends,
Is, by that old deceiver's subtle play,
Made the chief party in its own decay;
And meets that eagle's destiny, whose breast
Felt the same shaft which his own feathers dress'd.

WALLER.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wot to soar on high.BYRON.—*English Bards.*So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.

This is cool robbing, no doubt. But here are two more instances.

MOORE.—*Little's Poems.*
The angels shall help me to wheedle
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er danced on the point of a needle.

The little chap cannot even swear an oath without stealing it. This is from—

BUTLER.—*Satires.*
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude
That on a needle's point have stood.

MOORE.—*Of Fox.*
Thou on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung.

The authoress of Psyche wrote the original of these lines in a copy of that work which had once belonged to Fox.

MR. TIGHE.
And still delighted fancy loves to see
The flattering smile which prompt indulgence might
(Even when he read what lowliest muse could write)
Have hung upon that lip whose melody
Truth, sense, and liberty, have called their own.

The fourth rule of plagiarism is to give the converse of the stolen thought;—a safe enough way of pillaging an unfortunate man of genius. Thus Pope tells us,

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

This is the thought inverted of

CICERO.—*De Officiis.*
Formam quidem ipsam et faciem honesti vides, que si oculis cerneretur
mirabilis amores excitaret sapientia.

The fifth rule of plagiarism is to amplify an original thought into sonorous verses, as beaten gold may be spread into an acre of leaf. A very good example of this may be found in Tommy's verses in the *Veiled Prophet*, which commence,

Oh, who could even in bondage tread the plains, &c., &c.

The sixth rule of plagiarism is to contract the thought. Thus a stanza of Cowley is crushed into a hemistich, for the propounding of which Wordsworth has been extolled far above the sun and moon:

WORDSWORTH.
The child is father to the man.

COWLEY.
Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;
We may our ends by their beginnings know.

Thomas has added this sin also to the myriads of other "little sinnings," for which he shall never get absolution from open us, until he shall have made "open confession."

MOORE.—*Melodies.*
We're fallen on gloomy days,
Star after star decays.

Something like this was said by our Irish orator—

BURKE.
So many and such great revolutions had happened of late, that he was not much surprised to hear the Rt. Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Jenkinson) treat the loss of the supremacy of this country over Ireland as a matter of very little consequence. Thus one star, and that the brightest of our orrery, having been suffered to be lost, those who were accustomed to inspect and watch our political heaven might not wonder that it should be followed by the loss of another.

So star would follow star, and light, light,
Till all was darkness and eternal night.

These are the Six Rules of Plagiarism!

And now let us see how scrupulously they have been

followed in Lalla Rookh. Of that swindling production I do not feel called on to give any lengthened criticism. Moore himself has done it ample justice in the criticisms of Fadladeen. To an impartial reader of this *Encomium* it will be clear that Moore wrote the work somewhat in the following fashion. Be it remembered, that according to his own confession, he devoted three years and upwards to its composition. I suppose that he gave up two entire years of that period to close and constant study of books of poetry, and authors who have treated of Oriental scenery, history, customs, and antiquities. The best thoughts and most shining passages in every volume which he read, he transcribed carefully, after the manner of Mr. Bayes, into an immense common-place book. He then tossed up, head or harp, for a subject arranged all the stolen thoughts into what may be called chronological order, sat down to his writing desk, and by the help of *Bysshe's Art of Poetry* and *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary* (which to such poets as flourish in this Age of Brass are as indispensable as a goose to tailors, slander to the excommunicated priest —, and dirt and filth to his comrogue —), rewrote those noble fancies of the Elders in his own style, paraphrased, plagiarised, translated, inverted, converted, retroverted, amplified, contracted, and emasculated. The palm of skill, in disguising his thefts, I cheerfully award him. He has done it so successfully that many an honest man will give him credit for originality and invention. Be it so. But let me whisper softly into the ears of those fair and easy gentlemen, that plagiarism ever has been, must be, and will be, disguised with dexterity; that the greatest talent is frequently displayed in the trickeries of authors; that the forgeries of Ireland for many a long year baffled the researches and examination of the most learned and philosophic; that the impositions of Psalmanazar deceived the world so completely, that had he not confessed himself to be the knave he was, the fraud would be, perhaps, undetected now; that the Ossianic fictions of Macpherson have even still their disciples; and that it is only the lapse of years, and frequently mere chance, which reveals to the astounded world the audacious villainies of many who have descended to the grave with a bright halo of fame encircling their brows, and the reputation, too, of unsullied honesty and virtue. Rogues are not generally men of dull intellect. Their adroitness has often won the wonder of the jury who condemned, and the judge who sentenced them. And why should we imagine literary rogues less cautious and cunning than their brethren of Newgate University? Lord Byron, who may be supposed to have known something of the art and mystery of thought-stealing, shows in a half-dozen words how dexterously Poets manage the thoughts of their predecessors in rhyme. "And here a word *en passant* to Mr. Campbell.

"As you summits soft and fair
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear,
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present still a cloudy day. Dyer.

"Is not this the *original*," asks his lordship, "of the famous

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue?"

Moore's plagiarisms have all been disguised with equal cunning. But I will keep the reader no longer from them. Let me begin therefore with Lalla Rookh—

A work that almost makes me puke.—TENNYSON.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

STEPHEN HELLER AND ERNST.—The musical inhabitants of Brighton will have the opportunity of hearing both these celebrated artists, at a morning concert, on Saturday, the 26th. The programme offers many attractions. We shall receive a letter on the subject from one of our correspondents.

MADLLES. DANHAUSER.—Among Mr. Mitchell's operatic engagements are two promising young artists, pupils of the celebrated Madame Cinti-Damoreau. The Madlles. Danhauser are very young, very good looking, and very intelligent. Their voices are agreeable, and their musical aptitude seems to indicate future excellence. They could not be in better hands than those of the clever and enterprising Mr. Mitchell.

GODEFROID, the admirable performer on the harp, is at present at Boulogne, but will be in London at the beginning of the season.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed by the members of this society, under the direction of Mr. Surman, when the hall was crammed to suffocation.

MASSOL, the popular barytone, has been singing at Havre, with great success, in *Charles VI*, the *Favorite*, and other operas. The journals speak in high terms of his performance; we shall give some extracts in our next number. M. Massol is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera for the forthcoming season.

MADAME PLEYEL, the Queen of pianists, is "lying upon her oars" at Brussels; but a rumour is abroad that she has determined to outshine all the stars of the London musical season in the present year of our Lord 1850. Let us hope that Mr. Rumour lies not.

SIVORI.—This eminent violinist, having ransacked the Americans of their gold pieces, and thoroughly enchanted the ears of the Yankees, is about to revisit us. He is now at New York, and early in March will be in London.

MEYERBEER.—The celebrated composer of the *Prophète* has left Paris, but will return in a few weeks.

LEICESTER MONTHLY CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent.)—We much rejoice at the resurrection of the noblest of all schools of musical writing in Leicester, the oratorio; it is more than twenty years since the public performance of any similar work in this town. Why, it is difficult to say, since the *Messiah*, on Monday evening, supported, with few exceptions, entirely by local musical talent, was altogether a most creditable performance. The vocal solo parts were well sustained by Mrs. Parkes of Sheffield, Miss Whithall of Liverpool, and Messrs. Benson and Lawler of the Exeter Hall Concerts. The chorus was efficient with few exceptions. Mozart's accompaniments were also well sustained by his Grace the Duke land's private band. The band was led with great skill by Mr. Henry Gill, and if any deficiencies could be pointed out, it was in the want of brilliancy and effect of the strings. For the projectors it was a great triumph, the Wellington Rooms being literally crammed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Dando's, Mr. Willy's, and Mr. Alcroft's Concerts, with other notices and articles of importance, are unavoidably postponed until next week. We must also defer our answers to various Correspondents till our next—begging pardon for the delay.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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